

FARMER's Song

A new SONG

Sung at Sadler's Wells.

IN a sweet healthy air, on a farm of my own,
Half a mile from the church, and just two
from the town,
Half a mile, &c.

Diversions and business I vary for ease,
But your fine folks at London may do as they
please.

Your fine folks, &c.

But your fine folks at London, &c.

By freedom 'tis true, I'm entitled to vote,
But because I will never be wrong if I know't,
I'll adhere to no one till each party agrees,
But your fine folks at London, &c.

Tho' sixty and upwards I never knew pain,
My Goody's as antient, yet does not complain :
From the flocks of my own I wear coats of warm
frize,

But your fine folks at London, &c.

I ne'er was at law in the course of my life,
Nor injure a neighbour in daughter or wife ;
To the poor have lent money, but never took fees,
But your fine folks at London, &c.

I ne'er had ambition to visit the Great,
Yet honour the King, and will stand by the state ;
By the Church and Freedom in all its degrees,
But your fine folks at London, &c.

My fields they are fertile, my barns full of corn,
My cellar well stor'd with good ale and a horn ;
No cares to perplex me, no dunners to teaze,
So when fine folks are vex'd, the Farmer has ease.

